

# FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY JOURNAL NEWSPAPER

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SCENE IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE PENSION OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.  
W. J. ARKELL. RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1891.

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We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

THE article on the value of our oyster fisheries, by General Felix Agnus, of the Baltimore *American*, which we had hoped to print this week, will appear in the next issue of this paper. We have been obliged to defer the publication of General Agnus's article in order to make room for that of Labor Commissioner Wright, which is peculiarly appropriate at this time, by reason of the Patent Centennial held at Washington this week.

## THE INFLUENCE OF INVENTIONS UPON LABOR.

THE present century, from an industrial point of view, has been given largely to the development of inventions, the real age of machinery beginning with the discovery of new devices for spinning and weaving textiles. The inception of this age may be given as the year 1760. The progress in the development has been enormous, and yet, instead of being at the end of the *régime* of machinery, we are probably only at the beginning. The development must and will go on, and the future achievements of inventive genius in the mechanical and chemical sciences must be looked upon as bright indeed, and as holding out to humanity many of its best boons and most munificent endowments, not only in moral and industrial directions, but also in a greater and more equal diffusion of wealth and all that wealth means.

Machinery is young—in fact, it is only the forerunner of great undiscovered wonders which will make the inventions of the past seem like toys thrown away as childhood steps into humanity through growth and the development of strength. This development constantly reminds us that the future holds the golden age, and not the past. In this thought we necessarily consider the direct and indirect influences which the development of inventions has had upon labor. The influence has been felt in two directions, economically and ethically, and economically in two directions also, but in diametrically opposite ways. First, in the so-called displacement or contraction of labor, and, second, in the expansion of labor or the increased opportunities for remunerative employment. In considering the economical bearing or influence of inventions we must deal with labor abstractly; but the ethical influence brings the man as a social and political factor under consideration. So the ethics of the question becomes the most prominent feature of any treatment of the influence of inventions upon labor.

The displacement or contraction of labor is the prominent feature when the economical influence of inventions is discussed. It is the gloomy side, and leads the individual man, the one who is practically displaced from an old employment, to feel that machinery is his enemy; and no satisfactory answer can be given to him, for a study of the subject teaches us that in many industries a few men may now perform what many men were called to do before the invention of machinery. In the manufacture of agricultural implements in one establishment in one of the Western States only 600 men with machinery are now required to do what 2,145 men without machinery were formerly required to do; a clear displacement, or contraction, rather, in this particular instance of the labor of 1,545 men—a proportion of 1 to 3.57.

The most glaring instance is to be found in cotton spinning. At the present time, with one pair of self-acting mules having 2,124 spindles, a single spinner, with the assistance of two boys, will produce 55,098 hanks of number thirty-two twist in the same time that it formerly took one spinner to produce by the single-spindle hand-wheel five hanks of like number twist. Taking all processes of cotton manufacture into consideration, it is quite generally agreed by cotton manufacturers that the displacement is in the proportion of three to one. Even under the dispensation of power machinery the difference is enormous, for in 1831 in this country the average number of spindles per operative was 25.2; it is now over 72, an increase of one hundred and eighty-five per cent.

Of course, along with this increase of the number of spindles per operative there has been an increase of product per operative; this is one hundred and forty-five per cent., so far as spinning alone is concerned. Under the old hand-loom system a fair adult weaver wove from forty-two to forty-eight yards of common shirting per week. A weaver to-day attending six power looms in a cotton factory can produce 1,500 yards per week. So instances might be multiplied, but in considering them all it is impossible to ascertain with any mathematical exactness the displacement or contraction of labor. Any estimate is unsatisfactory, but it may be fair to assume that it is in the ratio of two to one. It is great enough to excite apprehension when only this side of the question is considered.

But the second economic fact—the expansion of labor—relieves the mind of such apprehension, for an examination of this expansive influence of inventions reveals a most encouraging condition. The people at large, and especially those who work for wages, have experienced three great elements of progress along with the introduction and use of inventions: First, increased wages; second, reduction of working time; third, reduced cost of articles of consumption. In wages and in product the situation is well illustrated in the cotton industry, the first great industry to feel the effects of invention. The ratio of cost per pound for labor in producing common cotton cloth in this country for the years 1828 and 1880 was as 6.77 for the former to 3.31 in the latter year, a reduction of nearly one-half in cost, the ratio of wages for the same period being as \$2.62 to \$4.84. The hand-loom weaver of America never earned much over fifty cents per day, while at present he earns three times this amount; but his earnings have not increased in proportion to the product of his labor.

The expansion of labor is fully shown by the increased consumption of great staples used in manufacturing, cotton and iron, for instance. The consumption per capita of iron in 1870 was 105.64 pounds; it rose in 1890 to 283.38 pounds. The consumption per capita of steel increased from 46 pounds in 1880 to 144 pounds in 1890. The consumption of raw cotton in 1830 was 5.9 pounds per capita; in 1880, 13.91 pounds, and in 1890 nearly 19 pounds. This enormous per capita increase in these great staples can indicate but one result—the constant enlargement of the opportunities for employment.

Some other figures are still more powerful. The increase in population of the United States from 1860 to 1880 was fifty-six per cent., while the increase in the total number of persons engaged in all occupations for the same period was nearly one hundred and nine per cent. In the decade from 1870 to 1880 alone the population increased 30.08 per cent., while the number of persons engaged in all occupations increased thirty-nine per cent. These figures alone constitute a complete answer to the other side of the question—the displacement or contraction of labor; but the expansion receives powerful illustration when the influence of modern inventions is considered.

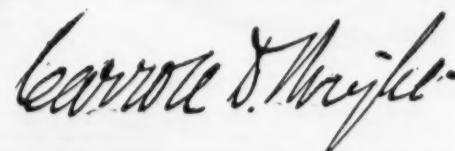
Many such inventions have actually created employment where none existed before their discovery. As instances of this proposition, the whole department of electricity, electric lighting, telegraphic operations, and the telephone are striking examples. Hundreds of thousands of people are brought into employment through such inventions where no one was ever employed prior to their existence. The invention of Goodyear, by which rubber is made available for wearing-apparel, has furnished employment in untold quantity, where none has been displaced; and not only in furnishing employment, but in increasing the comfort and health of the people the influence has been incalculable.

Passing to the ethical influence of inventions, it may be said that inventions brought with them a new school of ethics, for machinery is the type and representative of the civilization of this age, embodying as it does, so far as physics and mechanics are concerned, the concentrated, clearly wrought out thought of the age. Books represent thought; invention is its embodiment. So we are living in the age of mind, intellect, brain; and Brain is king, with machinery as his prime minister.

It is only natural that under such sovereignty invention should not only typify the progress of the race, but also have a clearly marked influence upon the morals of the people—a mixed influence, as men are what we call good or evil, but on the whole with the good vastly predominant. Under this influence the workingman has learned that from a rude instrument of toil furnishing simply crude muscular power, he has become an intelligent exponent of hidden laws. He is no longer a muscular power, simply caring only for the contentment of an animal, but is something more, and wants the contentment which belongs to the best environment.

In art operations, which belong to the ethical side of life, the influence of inventions has been as great as in the purely economical field; for by its aid the work of our artisans is rapidly making the taste of the people artistic, as trained and inventive skill puts art into wood and metal. The stove manufacturer, in order to meet the demands of the common people, must secure the services of an artist, that the design of the kitchen or parlor stove he offers for sale shall not offend the artistic eye.

The wage receiver has been taught to enjoy music and literature; to know that he is a political and moral factor. He sees that he has outgrown the purely physiological relation which labor bears to production, and furnishes, as he does, the developed mental qualities of man; so he asks that he may become more closely associated with capital. How a common system shall be established, with perfect justice to capital and to labor, recognizing fully the moral forces at work contemporaneously with economical, and the perfectly just distribution of profits relative to the use of inventions, is the great problem of the day. In considering it every student must come to the conclusion that as yet the workingman does not receive full justice as the result of the use and influence of inventions. His intelligence will stimulate him to agitate great questions until this justice is meted out to him. He does not seek to create increasing antagonism, nor does he follow any desire to destroy the grand results of past inventions; but he does wish, as a conservator of all the required forces of industry, to become more closely allied to the factor, capital, which without him is dead material, and which must have his vitalizing influence.



[Mr. Wright is the Commissioner in charge of the Department of Labor at Washington, D. C.—EDITOR.]

## TWO PREDICTIONS.

GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, and ex-Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, view the Farmers' Alliance in very different lights. Both were defeated for re-election to the Senate most unexpectedly by the sudden development of the

Farmers' Alliance movement in their respective States. Senator Ingalls seems to be so demoralized by defeat that he sees nothing ahead of him but the bugbear of the Farmers' Alliance. He predicts that it is to sweep everything, East and West. His local environment in Kansas has limited the horizon of his vision to a very narrow compass.

General Hampton, on the contrary, predicts—and the ablest and most experienced men in public life seem to agree with him—that the Farmers' Alliance will not amount to much in the politics of the future. He adds:

"Its schemes are impracticable, and because it is manipulated by demagogues. If it were possible to conceive of any such legislation as the sub-treasury, the bonded warehouse, and other schemes, it would inevitably lead us into endless confusion and ultimate bankruptcy. National elections are only affected by national issues. The issues raised by the Alliance are local and class, rather than national. I do not think the Presidential question of next year will be materially affected by any action the Farmers' Alliance may take. The fight will be between the two old parties, as usual."

This is the common-sense view of a common-sense man. The Farmers' Alliance is but one of the developments of human vagaries and human weakness which occasionally come to the front as disturbing factors in politics. None of these has ever lasted, unless it had behind it as a propelling power a great moral reform movement backed by public sentiment. There is absolutely nothing of this behind the Farmers' Alliance. Its rise was sudden. Its fall will come in a day.

## TOO MUCH POLITICS.

EX-MINISTER PHELPS upholds the American Government in its attitude regarding the Behring Sea controversy with Great Britain, and calls public attention to the important fact that the English Government diplomatically evades the real issue and delays action because it well knows by experience "that whatever Administration may be charged for the time being with the government of the United States will, in the effort it makes to assert its rights, encounter the hearty condemnation of the political party opposed to it; that the arguments it addresses to the foreign government will be abundantly answered and refuted by American writers, and their authors held up to derision; and that the next election is very likely to bring into power a new Administration which may abandon the contentions of their predecessors and put the case on entirely different grounds."

The truth is well and clearly put by the ex-Minister, and he adds the trite but also truthful statement that "a nation divided against itself can never achieve a diplomatic success." He urges that if our Government is claiming only what is right, it should receive the support of all parties. He finds only three possible methods of settling the Behring Sea difficulty: First, by putting a stop, without further delay, to the depredations upon the breeding seals; second, to concede the right to destroy the seal fishery; third, to continue the discussion with Great Britain until the extermination of the seal is completed, and the subject of the dispute thereby exhausted, for which, he adds, "we shall not have long to wait."

Mr. Phelps has done a great public service by his exceeding plainness of speech at an opportune moment. It is the greatest of public misfortunes that political feeling is permitted so generally and so constantly to divert and abstract attention from the merits of the case, when great international and domestic issues are involved. Political newspapers seem to think more of arousing antagonism against an Administration they oppose, than of giving that Administration support, even when it is clearly right. As a result of the persistent agitation of every question purely from a political standpoint, attention is diverted from the gravity of the situation, which is often much graver than the public comprehends.

The extent to which the sway of the politician is carried in this country is marvelous. Take a great city like New York, for instance, now in the absolute control of a skillfully organized, powerful, and coherent political corporation. Consider the vast annual expenditures made by the public departments, and the miserable returns for all this extravagance. The deplorable situation is clear to every thoughtful citizen. The responsibility of the party in power cannot be evaded. Every one knows that politics is at the bottom of the general rottenness, and yet at every recurring municipal election political leaders and political newspapers begin to discuss, not the means of securing municipal reform, but the question of political control.

It is as certain as fate that the time must come, and it cannot be far distant, when municipal politics, as well as all the great questions affecting our foreign policy and our financial and business interests, will be considered not from the political nor the sentimental standpoint, but from the practical, every-day view of the successful business man.

Ex-Minister Phelps has sounded the key-note. His position as an influential Democrat, as our country's representative at the court of St. James during Mr. Cleveland's administration, and as a gentleman of wide experience, observation, and study, entitles his words to profound consideration.

## PARTISANS NOT PATRIOTS.

Nearly a month after Congress has adjourned, and six months after a new power of retaliation has been placed by Congress in the hands of President Harrison, the New York *Herald* comes to the front to denounce that legislation. The new retaliatory law provides that when any foreign power "unjustly discriminates" against American products the President shall be empowered to exclude from importation to the United States the products of the offending foreign State. This is just and proper retaliation.

Is it not charged against the United States that it is cowardly in its submission to indignities, and timid in defending its citizens from wrongs by foreign governments? Does not every European nation protect the rights of its citizens better than we have done? It is surprising that an American newspaper is found opposing retaliatory legislation placed upon the statute-books by Congress in obedience to an all-pervading American sentiment. The editorial in the New York *Herald* would be exactly in place if it appeared in the London *Times*. In a home newspaper it is nothing less than an insult to the American people.

Ex-Minister Phelps recently called attention to the fact that

the English Government received its strongest encouragement and aid in opposing a just settlement of the Behring Sea trouble from that part of the American press which sought every opportunity to oppose the Administration, and therefore seemed bound to side with the British Government.

It is a great misfortune that politics stands before patriotism with partisans and a partisan press.

#### THE PATENT CENTENNIAL.

THIS is a nation of inventors. In no other country in the world have so many patents, in proportion to population, been granted as in the United States. It has been the home of the greatest of modern inventions, and inventive American genius from year to year has made the most notable and most profitable discoveries.

It is therefore very appropriate that the signature by President Washington, on the 10th of April, 1790, of the first American Patent law is being celebrated a hundred and one years after the occurrence of that event. The celebration is being held at Washington. The first meeting was announced for the afternoon of April 8th, to be presided over by President Harrison, with addresses by a number of prominent American inventors and scholars. An excursion was to have been had to Mount Vernon on April 10th, with an address upon "Washington as an Inventor and Promoter of Improvements." In the evening, at Washington, the closing public meeting was to have been presided over by Professor Bell, the inventor of the telephone.

The New York *Times* recites a number of interesting facts regarding the Patent Office. Among other things it says that no copy of the first patent issued is in existence. The first patent was dated July 31st, 1790, and was granted to Samuel Hopkins for a process for making potash. The oldest United States patent in existence is in the National Museum, dated December 23d, 1796. It was granted to Thomas Passmore, of Pennsylvania, for a machine for cooking and boiling water.

The Patent law of 1790 is credited to the thoughtfulness of Thomas Jefferson. Under it the Secretaries of State and War and the Attorney-General constituted the Patent Board, and these three officers each made a careful examination of every claim submitted. Their work was not arduous, as only three patents were issued during 1790, thirty-three in 1791, and eleven in 1792. In 1808 one hundred and fifty-eight patents were granted, while during the past year the number of patents and re-issues aggregated 26,292.

In 1793 a new Patent law gave the power of granting patents to the Secretary of State alone, and up to 1802 a single clerk in the State Department was sufficient to attend to all claims. In the latter year Dr. William Thornton became superintendent of the Patent Office, and seemed to exercise complete control over the department during the quarter of a century of his incumbency. The *Times* recites that it was not an uncommon thing to find his name on the records as co-patentee. Patents were granted so generously to all applicants that in 1836 an investigating committee was appointed, and as a result of its disclosures Congress passed an act entirely reorganizing the Patent Office. The act of that year, somewhat modified, forms the basis of the patent system of to-day.

The growth of the Patent Department was marvelous. In 1810 separate quarters were provided for the Patent Office, but they were destroyed by the fire of 1836, only a single volume from the library being saved, and the entire collection of 7,000 models being destroyed. The present Patent Office, or, at least, a part of it, was finished in 1840; but more room was demanded four years later, and in 1852 the east wing extension was completed. In 1856 the west wing was built. In 1867 the completion of the north wing finished the present great building, covering two squares of ground. In 1877 two of the three wings were destroyed, with 87,000 of the 200,000 models of inventions in the Patent Office, and 600,000 photo-lithographic copies of drawings, and a splendid collection of valuable records.

The great want of the department to-day is more room, though for several years past very few models have been received because of the want of space to store them. It is said truthfully that the preservation of these models is a part of the history of the country, and that the Patent Office should be given all the room it requires for that purpose, as well as for its other requirements. It is one of the departments of the Government, the only one of consequence, that is more than self-sustaining. It had to its credit, at the beginning of the present year, over \$3,872,000. Its receipts from fees last year were \$1,340,000, and its expenditures were a trifle less than \$1,100,000.

The Patent Centennial is therefore an occasion of great interest to the inventors of this and other countries. It affords a splendid opportunity for a revelation of the accomplishments of American inventive genius, which will, no doubt, be fully improved by the eminent gentlemen who have been invited to attend. In this connection we call attention to the leading editorial, contributed to this paper this week by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor at Washington. It will be read with special interest.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE solution of the convict labor question, namely, the employment of State convicts in the production of coarse jute fabrics, as suggested by ex-Senator James Arkell, of Canajoharie, N. Y., meets the approval of the Albany *Express*. It says: "Most proposals which have been made for the utilization of convict labor are visionary, while this has the merit of apparent practicability."

ENGLAND is having trouble with its colonies somewhat like that it had with us a little over a hundred years ago. An exciting scene occurred recently in the Newfoundland Assembly when the Governor asked assent to a bill. A number of the House declined to attend, and thus made public their resentment of the tyrannical treatment of the colony by the imperial Government in connection with the difficulties with France over the fishery question. The discussion of this question has amazingly strengthened the annexation sentiment in Newfoundland. The Australian colonies are also preparing a Federation bill and look-

ing to an independent form of government. The day star of liberty is dawning everywhere, and it is not surprising that a London bishop recently advised the English aristocracy to beware of the future, and to bear in mind that the masses would exert political control if they were not given food, employment, and abundant liberty.

THE Farmers' Alliance organizers who were sent to New England have had a serious set-back. They find that they are neither welcomed nor honored. The sober, hard-headed farmers of New England have no patience with the economic vagaries of the Farmers' Alliance. Experience has been their best teacher; and yet it is said that there are more abandoned farms in New England than in the West. The bottom of the Farmers' Alliance business is beginning to drop out.

THE Third Amateur Photographic Contest of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, the terms of which have already been announced in these columns, is attracting widespread attention. The prizes are liberal and are so graduated as to give an opportunity for a large number to successfully enter the competition. The rules of the contest and the list of prizes will be printed from time to time in our columns, and we invite amateur photographers throughout the country to continue the competition which we have originated, and which has certainly done much for the progress and development of amateur photography.

IT is within the bounds of reason to say that the death of no clergyman in this part of the country has created more widespread regret than the death of Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York City. He was a man of marked convictions, and most eloquent, courageous, and manly in giving expression to them. Largely to his efforts was due the passage of the High License bill by the Legislature of this State, which unfortunately failed to become a law. Dr. Crosby was not a prohibitionist. He was a temperance man, and he did more for the cause of temperance than all the prohibition party of this State put together.

THE formal notice from the British Government that it accepts the invitation of President Harrison to take part in the World's Fair in Chicago indicates that there is no danger that any of the leading foreign governments will decline to participate in the coming exposition. The example of England, as that of the leading nation, will no doubt be followed by all the others. German manufacturers are planning for a representation worthy of their empire, and it is announced that Russia will certainly send a complete exhibit, the best it has ever made at any international exposition. The World's Fair at Chicago, in spite of criticisms at home and abroad, is to be an astonishing success.

THE New York Custom House was recently engaged in passing a large and valuable plant of machinery which had been used in Nottingham, England, in the manufacture of lace curtains. The heavy duty imposed upon this class of goods by the McKinley bill has closed our market to foreign manufacturers, hence the importation of the plant, which is to be set up at Patchogue, L. I., and will give employment to two hundred hands. The success of this first effort to manufacture Nottingham lace curtains in America will lead to the establishment of other concerns, no doubt, and give additional employment to American labor, all of which is cheerful news for our people.

A GREAT deal has been heard concerning the phenomenal growth of different cities of the United States and the rapid appreciation of real-estate values. Most of this growth has been credited to the Pacific coast, the Southern and Northwestern States; but a correspondent calls our attention to the fact that in no part of the United States has there been a larger increase of population in the past two or three years than in the part of Indiana known as the "Natural Gas Belt." The centre of this district is Marion, which four years ago had a population of about 4,000, while now its census shows between 12,000 and 15,000. How big a prize in the lottery of nature Marion has drawn is revealed by the fact that four years ago it had no manufacturing interests, while now it has sixty establishments, employing about 3,000 hands. Of course cheap fuel, in the shape

of natural gas, is a great inducement to these industries, and Marion's growth is bound to continue. Since New Year's Day, on what is known as "The Mason Addition," eight large manufacturing concerns have located. They will give employment to a thousand hands. A splendid modern hotel, built by Mason, Wiley & Butler, whose name is generally identified with the prosperity of Marion, is to be opened about the middle of this month. The interest in the development of the Indiana Natural Gas Belt is such, that we have detailed special artist to accompany the excursion projected by Mason, Wiley & Butler, which will leave Buffalo April 14th, and spend some time in the Gas Belt.

WHEN a drunken rowdy, even though he be of a respectable family, goes to the official home of the President of the United States declaring that he intends to do murder, no less a crime than the assassination of the President; and when this rowdy, after making felonious entrance into the White House, is with considerable difficulty overpowered and arrested, it would seem as if there should be no question regarding the disposition that should be made of him. This was the case with J. Harry Martin, a step-son of a United States Senator, recently arrested at Washington. The plea for clemency made in his behalf has nothing in its favor excepting as it affects the peace and happiness of relatives who were not responsible for his brutal misdeed. There is a duty to the public in this matter. It should be made clear to drunkards and cranks that threatenings of the kind of which young Martin was guilty bring swift and severe punishment.

ATTENTION is being called to the fact that eggs are considerably higher this year than they were last because the McKinley bill has raised the duty on eggs imported from Canada, and thus kept them to a great extent out of this country. Free-trade papers are asking workingmen who eat eggs what they think of the operation of the McKinley bill in raising the price of this article of food. The protection papers are appealing to farmers to know whether they are not more than ever satisfied with the McKinley bill, which is already giving them a higher price for eggs and a lower price for sugar. Let the contending factions fight it out. The tariff is a good deal of a local question, after all.

THE interesting statement comes from the Census Bureau that the high rate of increase of the colored population in the South, shown by the census of 1880, was due to imperfect enumeration, and that the recent enumeration demonstrates that the colored race during the last decade has not held its own in growth against the whites. Since 1830, according to the census statement, the whites have steadily increased in the South at a more rapid rate than the colored people. This is not surprising considering the difference in the modes of life of the two races. The birth-rate of the blacks may be the larger, but the death-rate also shows a more than corresponding increase. It is the record of all times that the dominating race outlives and outlasts the weaker. So it must be at the South.

IT is to the credit of the State Board of Mediation and Arbitration of New York, that in its special report to the Legislature on the lock-out of cutters in the Clothiers' Exchange of Rochester, it plainly declares it is opposed to boycotting. This common-sense assertion is made:

"It is clearly the province of all persons who choose to do so to combine their skill and labor, put a price upon their use, and sell that use to whomsoever they please, or hold it in idleness as they please. But it is clearly not the right of any persons, upon failure of negotiations for a satisfactory sale of their use of their skill and labor to other persons who desire such use, to engage in an attempt avowedly destructive of the business of those other persons, because they refuse to accede to terms or conditions demanded of and not agreeable to them. It is suggested that in so far as the laws of the State fail to protect employers and employees alike in their prerogative of equal right to buy or sell the use of skill or labor, they are deficient and at fault."

Demagogues and labor agitators have had so much to do with the control of politics in our cities and, to an extent, in our State, that it required no little courage for State officials to make such a statement. The Arbitration Commissioners are to be commended for their courage as well as for their sensible convictions, to which they have given such clear and forcible expression.

#### OUR THIRD PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

The publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER offer the following awards, to be competed for by amateur photographers exclusively, in a third competition:

FIRST—An award of \$135 in cash [or \$200 in case the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer who shall send us the most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of making the exposure to the mounting and finishing of the photograph.

SECOND—An award of \$75 in cash [or \$100 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer sending us the next most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of the exposure to the completion of the photograph.

THIRD—An award of \$50 in cash [or \$75 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer sending us the third most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of exposure to the printing and finishing of the photograph.

FOURTH—An award of \$35 in cash [or \$50 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer who shall send us the most perfect and artistic specimen of work, the exposure of which has been made solely by himself or herself, and the developing, mounting or finishing by others.

FIFTH—An award of \$20 in cash [or \$25 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer sending us the second best specimen of work, the exposure of which has been made solely by the contestant, and the developing, mounting or finishing by others.

SIXTH—An award of \$10 in cash [or \$20 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] to the amateur photographer sending us the third best specimen of work, the assistance of which has been rendered him or her by others subsequent to the time of making the exposure.

SEVENTH—An award of \$8 in cash [or \$15 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] for the fourth best specimen of work done by an amateur photographer without assistance from others.

EIGHTH—An award of \$6 in cash [or \$10 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper] for the fifth best specimen of work done by an amateur photographer without assistance from others.

NINTH—An award of \$5 in cash and an award of \$4 in cash [or \$8 and \$7 respectively, if the successful contestants are subscribers to the paper] for the fourth and fifth best specimens of work respectively done by amateur photographers where assistance has been rendered by others subsequent to the time of making the exposure.

As in the first and second contests, a page of the paper will be devoted each week to the reproduction of the choicest pictures received from week to week, and at the close of the competitive period the successful photographs will be published in the *registering of the decisions*.

Whether a contestant is a subscriber or not will have no weight in the *registering of the decisions*. A subscriber will have an extra advantage, after a decision is arrived at, of receiving a larger amount by 50 per cent, than he would be if he were not on our subscription list. A person can subscribe for the "Weekly" for one, six or twelve months, as he or she may choose, only the subscription must be received by us prior to the date of the closing of the contest to permit of its falling under the subscription class.

#### RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

The contest will close September 1st, 1891, and the prizes will be awarded as soon thereafter as possible. All entries in the contest must be received by us before September 1st.

No restriction is made as to the number of photographs sent in by any one contestant, nor as to date or time of taking them, excepting that photographs which have been entered in our previous contests cannot be received in the present competition.

The photographs must be sent in mounted and finished complete, and must in all cases, when forwarded by mail or express, be fully prepaid, otherwise they are liable to rejection.

The size of the photograph may be as large or as small as the judgment of the contestants may dictate.

The subject of the photograph may be scenery, figures [animate or inanimate], architecture [exterior or interior views], or any object which the contestants may choose.

The contestants must fill out the following blank [cutting the same from the paper] and send it in with the photograph or package of photographs which he desires to enter in the contest. Each entry in the competition must be accompanied by one of these blanks properly filled out. An entry, however, can consist of one or a number of photographs, as stated above, and when sent in at one time but one blank is required. If a number of photographs are sent in by the same contestant at different times, they must each time be accompanied by a blank, filled out as stated.

In addition to sending the blank below, the contestants will kindly write his name and address on each photograph he may send in.

ALL entries and communications must be addressed as follows:

Photographic Contest.

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

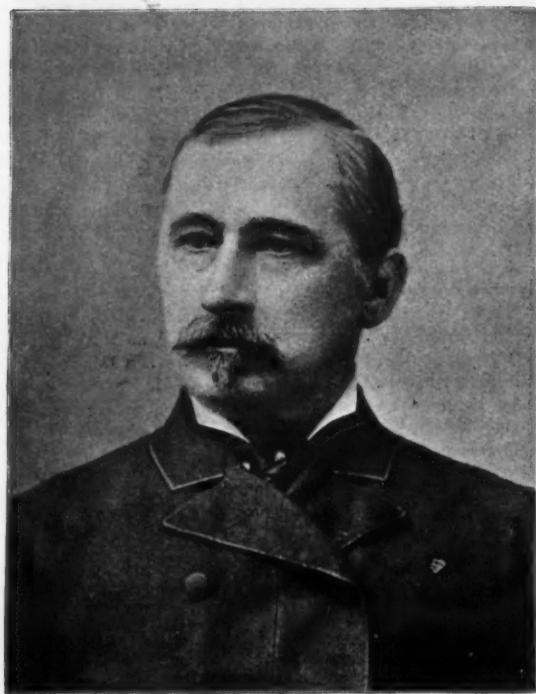
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

State whether work was done with or without assistance from others \_\_\_\_\_

How many photos are inclosed \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

AKELL & HARRISON,  
JUDGE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.



CALIFORNIA.—HON. C. N. FELTON,  
UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT.—PHOTO BY TABER.



MRS. KEZIAH RANDALL,  
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.—PHOTO BY R. R. TOPHAM.

MRS. M. H. DE YOUNG.

MRS. M. H. DE YOUNG, whose portrait appears on this page, is the wife of the well-known editor and proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and ranks, deservedly, as one of the handsomest and most accomplished women of the Pacific coast. She was christened Katherine Isabel Deane, being the daughter of James R. Deane, an old pioneer merchant of San Francisco, and was finely educated, graduating with marked honors from St. Catherine's Convent in Benicia. She is a fine linguist, capital conversationalist, and an expert musician, having also exceptional dramatic power which is frequently employed in aid of charitable objects. Mrs. De Young, who has made a tour of the world, is popular in society circles in the East, as elsewhere, her genial manners attracting all persons with whom she comes in contact. She is the happy mother of four children, the oldest of whom is nine years of age.

“AUNT KEZIAH.”

ON the outskirts of the pretty little town of Mattapoisett, Mass., there dwells an old lady whom everybody in that region knows as “Aunt Keziah.”

Mrs. Keziah Randall was born in September, 1783, and was on her last birthday 107 years old. Her

house, which, by the way, she has occupied for sixty years, stands in the midst of a clearing, about one-fourth of a mile from the main road, and is so situated as to be out of sight from the road and from the houses in the locality. The old lady lives entirely alone, not even having so much as a cat to keep her company. In

summer she has many visitors from among the transient population, for Mattapoisett is a watering-place on Buzzard's Bay. There are some among the permanent residents who visit her regularly throughout the year, to supply her with wood and water and to procure for her such supplies as she needs, from time to time, from the village store. Although she has so many years to her credit, the old lady is wonderfully vigorous, all things considered, and with her own hands plants potatoes, pease, and strawberries, the ground having first been prepared by some kind neighbor, and she also has quite an array of flowers in a garden which is her especial care and pride. When the east winds blow, and she is obliged to remain in-doors, knitting is her occupation. She is an interesting person to listen to as she talks of the times when she was a girl, and her wit is as sharp, and her appreciation of a joke as keen, apparently, as sixty years ago. Although often urged to leave her lonely house and move into the village, she has thus far resisted all such endeavors of her neighbors to improve her condition, and clings to the old home. Mrs. Randall's husband, long since dead, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and Congress has recently voted her a pension of thirty dollars per month.

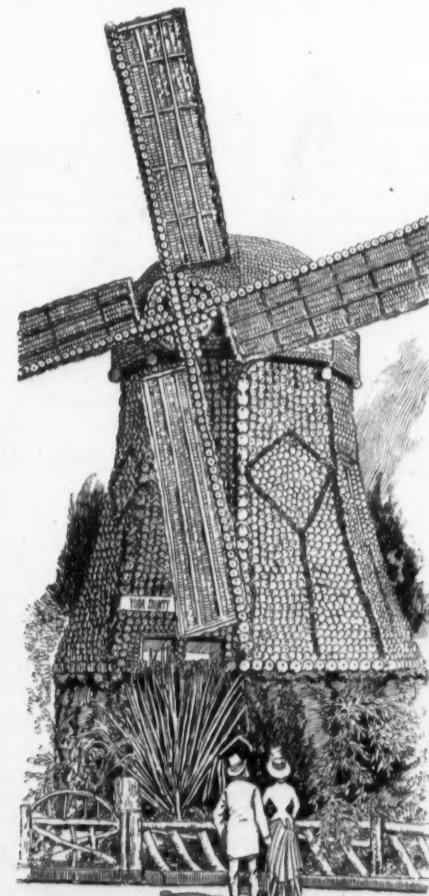


MRS. M. H. DE YOUNG,  
WIFE OF THE EDITOR OF THE SAN FRANCISCO “CHRONICLE.”



Butte County display—Pagoda constructed by Oroville Exhibiting Committee.

THE SECOND ANNUAL STATE CITRUS FAIR FOR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA RECENTLY HELD AT MARYSVILLE.—SPECIMEN EXHIBITS.—[SEE PAGE 172.]



Holland Water-mill, Yuba County display.



"I'M GOING A-MILKING, SIR," SHE SAID: PHOTO BY WILLIAM S. WOLLE, BETHLEHEM, PA.



A PRE-EMPTION CABIN IN WASHINGTON: PHOTO BY LULU W. TOLLMAN.



TOURISTS SHOOTING ALLIGATORS ON THE OKLAHOMA RIVER, FLORIDA: PHOTO BY W. F. C.



ON THE BRONX RIVER, NEW YORK: PHOTO BY H. J. NEWTON.



READY FOR THE PARK RIDE: PHOTO BY MRS. J. C. KENDALL.

OUR THIRD AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.—SPECIMENS OF THE PICTURES SUBMITTED.

## BARRETT.

WHAT more could Barrett do, what act left he undone? His life was true as steel is true, his fame was fairly won. We cheered each scene—each act—let's cheer a loud recall; Such is the actor's life, in fact his fortune and his all.

He passed from stage to stage, where genius rules the play; 'Mid stars—a golden age—he lived his brilliant day; His to reform his art and raise its standard higher, His lines were words from heart to heart—a motive to inspire.

What more could Barrett earn of praise or honor gain? His less than three-score years to learn and rest without a pain. A thousand kings have reigned and left no mark as bright; In Barrett's life through all remained a motto—"to do right."

What more could Barrett ask—a nation as a friend? His name and fame, his manly task must some day have an end: Beneath the stars asleep, ambition, honor found, Engraven ever broad and deep, "May Barrett's name be crowned."

DETROIT, March 24th, 1891.

J. W. DONOVAN.

## CRAZY CRONK.

BY FRANK WETHERBEE KINNE.

NATURE could not have been lovelier than on a balmy August evening when I sauntered up Green Gulch, a ravine in the Coeur d' Alene Mountains, near Murray, Idaho. The silver moonlight tipped Old Baldy on my left, and afar off Sunset Peak rose clear and distinct, silhouetted against a sky the azure of which would shame the glories of famed Neapolitan heavens. Picturesque cliffs, with their brows garlanded with pines and tamaracks and ferns, jutted here and there, in charming contrast to the gigantic upheavals of nature. Mountains as far as the eye could see, in broken ranges, seamed with gulches, yet verdure-clad, glistening with an emerald sheen.

I was admiring the scene and drinking in the delicious ozone when my reverie was broken by a voice, mellow in tone, startlingly sweet for a mining camp, but in full melody with the surroundings.

"Nice night, mister!"

A man jumped into the trail before me. He was tall, well formed, with a face which, had it been shorn of its tangled beard, would have been a fit counterpart of a Greek god's. His clothing was nondescript, but on a par with the habiliments of the Placer miners.

I sat down on an old cradle and talked about the prospects of the country and he became eloquent in its praise. In fact, the man interested me; more so when, at times, in his earnestness he dropped his miner's "lingo" and talked with all the smoothness of a polished rhetorician.

I went to his cabin with him; a little one-roomed log hut, poorly furnished but surprisingly neat. In one corner stood a flour-barrel upon which were piled a few choice books, among which I noticed Milton's "Paradise Lost," Shakespeare, Rabelais, an illuminated Bible, the "Arabian Nights" in Arabic, and the "Koran."

"Do I look like a crazy man?" he asked, abruptly.

"Well, hardly," I replied, somewhat startled.

Folks 'round these parts call me Crazy Cronk, but I dunno as I'm crazier than lots o' people I know. I will allow that everybody has got an insane streak in their noddle somewhere, it only takes an opportunity to bring it out, but maybe I got a bigger streak than others. Lord knows I been through 'nuff in my time. Say, do you believe in women? Do you think there are women with the faces of angels whose hearts are as black as the hinges of hell?"

He removed his pipe and swung it above his head, the smoke making a wreath through which his big gray eyes shone with the luminosity of opals. I began to think he was crazy.

"Do you?" he reiterated.

"I have never had reason to think of womankind other than with thoughts of kindness and respect."

"Pooh! You don't know 'em, that's quite evident. Say, you don't mind listening to a story, do you? 'Cos I feel like unburdening myself to-night, an' I want to show you what will make a man lose all faith in heaven, in mankind and womankind, too."

I nodded to him to proceed; I filled my pipe, lit it, and listened to a strange tale, of the sequel to which I was soon to be an unexpected witness. This is his story:

"I was born thirty-six years ago in the city of London, not a stone's throw from the Angel at Islington. My father was a furrier. He discovered and patented a dye which made him rich. I was sent to Eton and Oxford. I graduated and spent six years in travel. I avoided the beaten paths of the tourist and it was in Tangiers that I met my fate. It was there that I met the woman who became my wife. I went one day to dine with an old Moor whom I had assisted in business. It was during the Egyptian trouble, and he felt well disposed toward me, seein' as I had turned a lot of property into good Bank of England notes for him before the crisis came.

"After the meal we walked in his court, smoking. Presently he was called away for a moment and I sat down on the rim of a fountain and fell to wondering what kind of looking women his twelve wives were. I heard a sigh which came from the casement just above my head. I looked up and saw a little white hand trying to unfasten the latch. Finally the little gate was opened cautiously and I saw the loveliest vision. By Jove, man never a Madonna had so lovely a face. A low forehead, the jet black hair braided across it with coins and gems shining in its splendor; big black eyes with a thin line of perfectly arched eyebrows, long lashes that swept the contour of her perfect cheeks, a straight nose with thin nostrils showing the red, jus' like a thoroughbred horse, and a mouth—why, man alive! a man would go to perdition for a kiss from such lips. She smiled at me, and

I saw her teeth, two rows of milky gems; then she spoke. 'Englishman,' she said, in a low, sweet voice, and with perfect accent, 'would you assist me to escape from my prison?'

"Who are you, lovely maid?" I asked.

"I am the last wife of Ben Arouta—his favorite wife; but, Englishman, I have lived with your people, I have learned your ways, and my wifehood here is hideous to me. If you will assist me I will find a way to join you."

"Would I assist her? All the fires of passion were burning in my veins. I loved her. I told her of my love and she seemed pleased. I said I would be at the north gate at ten o'clock that night with two fleet Arabs, and I was. She came to me with fear and trembling in care of a faithful servant. She had stolen out shrouded in her cloak and veil. Three days later we were in Gibraltar, Fatma Odiske in the garb of civilization, peerlessly beautiful, and madly in love with me—so she said. Her kisses still burn upon my lips. We were married, and then I realized that life had only just begun. She was tenderly devoted to me. We went to Naples, Venice, Vienna, through Switzerland to Nice and Monte Carlo. Here came the serpent into my Eden, but I was blind in my love—a fool! till one day I came home at an unexpected hour and found my wife in the arms of her lover—a gambler, a blackleg. He was an American. I did not blame him; but she, my beautiful wife, with her madonna face, laughed at me.

"I was like Icarus: I had flown too near the sun. They went away together and I let them go. Some men would have killed them both; perhaps I ought to have done it then; I would not suffer now from a longing to find them and kill them. Man! I could take her small head between my hands and, gazing into her great starry eyes, crush out her life; and him—a pistol-shot will do for him. She sent a letter to my London address asking me to take her back, saying that she was not happy. And he wrote me a letter, too. He meant to be square, but he simply reminded me that he had done nothing worse than I had done myself.

"Why, man! when I sit here and look out upon these mountains, God's everlasting hills, and think that they are here somewhere, and that yon moon smiles upon them as it does upon me, bands of iron press about my heart, red-hot lightning flashes through my brain, and in the soothings of the pines I hear the whisper, and it swells in volume until the cañons and gulches thunder with the reverberating echo: 'Kill them! Kill them!'

"Then I get wild, and sometimes I don't wonder the fellers call me Crazy Cronk. But I don't mind; I'll bide my time, for we will meet, and then I'll kill them."

He waved his pipe again about his head, and again I saw his eyes shining though the smoke.

"Her lover travels about the mining camps cheating the miners out of their dust and nuggets. I have been on his track several times, but failed to run him down. To-morrow I am going to Trail City. I hear a new gambling-saloon is to be opened there. Maybe he will be there—if not, I'll bide my time. Mister, if you hear of a man by the name of John Collins being shot, you can know that I have scored one. Good-night."

I strolled back in the deepening shadows pondering over the man's story, and whether it would be a charity to investigate him. To tell the truth, I didn't put much faith in his yarn, especially as he offered no corroborative evidence.

Twenty-four hours later I had all the evidence I needed and more. I realized how small this opaque mass is, and how events jumbled up in the beginning segregate themselves and bring about most unexpected climaxes.

The next day business called me to Trail City. It was a typical mining camp. Cabins were built on each side of a narrow gulch—just a single street, with its stores, saloons, and gambling-places. The hotel there proudly flaunted a sign painted on muslin, "Brunswick Hotel." It was a long, rough, board-roofed log house with a bar-room in front. It was not inviting, but as sleeping accommodations were scarce I was forced to put up there and abide the hard bunk, an apology for a bed.

Next to the hotel was a new gambling-house, about to be opened that night. The place was more pretentious than its neighbors. Lace curtains hung at the windows, and the door was opened with a door-knob, and a white one at that; which was a pleasing contrast to the wooden latch which fastens the miner's cabin the world over.

Free whisky and free lunch were promised galore, and I made up my mind that I would "see the elephant." I asked who the proprietor was, and was somewhat discomposed when I was informed that it was "a feller named Collins an' his wife."

Perhaps this was the same man Crazy Cronk was after. If so, I felt it my duty to warn him. Nine o'clock came, and "The Senate," as the gambling-house was called, was thrown open, and a horde of unkempt miners rushed into the place, and soon were hilariously drinking success to the new establishment in free whisky and eating free lunch, which consisted of two big turkeys, with side dishes of macaroni, salads, and other condiments.

An hour passed, and just on the stroke of ten o'clock a bell was heard behind a curtain stretched across the room.

Collins, the proprietor, stepped to one end of the curtain and requested silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I take pleasure in introducing Mrs. Collins, otherwise known as 'Diamond Nellie.' You will find that she deals square. I want you to be orderly and settle your disputes outside."

There was a shout of "Hurrah for Collins and Diamond Nellie," when the curtain was drawn aside. The men rushed forward, and then as quickly stood still. Off came their hats.

"Good-evening, mum," came from a big, burly fellow: "we didn't spect ter see a lady, mum. Hope yer don't think we're a lot o' cattle, mum."

"Oh, no; indeed not, I assure you. Step right forward and make your play," she answered, in a sweet voice. She stood behind a faro-table, the "box" in one hand, a pack of cards in the other.

The miners crowded forward, and then they realized why the sobriquet of "Diamond Nellie" was given to her. Her fingers—dainty fingers, too—were covered with rings, which flashed and sparkled and glowed as she deftly shuffled the cards. In her bosom hung a diamond cross, in her ears large pendants, around

her perfect neck a narrow band of brilliants, and in her blue-black hair shone a star, a shamrock, and a butterfly. She was fairly ablaze.

The play went on. Chuck-luck, *Rouge et Noir*, Mustang, and *Vingt un* all had their devotees, but Diamond Nellie entertained the greatest crowd. I tired of watching her methodical dealing, paying bets, and raking in losses, and turned to go out, when I saw Crazy Cronk enter the door. He was dressed nicely in a black frock suit, his beard was clipped, his hair cropped short—in fact, he looked quite a gentleman. He nodded to me and said to one of the bar-tenders:

"Where's Collins?"

"Collins has gone out; be back in a minute. What'll ye have?"

"Nothing, thank you."

Then Cronk strode over to me. He grasped my hand and said:

"I've changed my mind. I've found my man, but I won't kill him. I'm goin' ter take her back if I can find her, my friend."

I pointed over to the crowd about the faro-table, and said:

"She is there."

Cronk strolled down the room, but he did not attract the woman's attention. She sat there like a machine drawing the cards, watching each bet, and flashing the rays of her diamonds in the eyes of the play-mad men. I saw a whiteness grow upon the face of Crazy Cronk, then tears rolled down his cheeks. He tottered, and I caught him by the shoulder.

"Come, brace up, old fellow; she's not worthy of any consideration," I said.

"Don't say that," he replied, with trembling lip. "He tempted her. Heavens, man! do you not see how beautiful she is? Fatma, my darling, my angel!"

Just then a hoarse cry rang through the place.

"Run for your lives! Coulter's dam has busted."

Every man knew what that meant. A dam across the narrow gulch, where the snow-water of the winter was stored in reservoir for the use of the Placer miners in the gulch, had given way. The roar of the awful avalanche of water could be plainly heard. In a twinkling the room was empty, each one bent on reaching a place of safety on the side of the gulch.

When the cry rang through the room Diamond Nellie looked up. She saw Crazy Cronk. Her great black eyes opened with a wild, almost maniacal look, her bosom heaved, and a ghastly pallor came over her face. She slowly rose, and in a low, quivering voice she said:

"My punishment has come."

I waited to see him bound over the table, clasp her in his brawny arms, and rain kisses on her upturned lips.

"I have come to save you, my darling," he said, as the big tears rolled down his cheeks, while she clung to him, sobbing softly, praying for forgiveness.

The roar of water came nearer. I could hear the crashing of the pines and firs uprooted and tossed about like jack-straws. A moment more and certain death awaited us.

"Run for your lives!" I shouted. Cronk raised the beautiful woman in his arms and followed me. A white wall of seething water came crashing down upon us as we reached the door. Behind the "Senate" was a crib, built by the miners to store "waste." Could we reach this we were safe. By a herculean effort I sealed the logs, wet to my shoulders by the mad waters. I turned to give a hand to Cronk and assist him with his burden. He was gone, and the place where I stood an instant before was a tumbling mass of cradles, sections of sluice boxes, logs, and débris of fallen buildings. Anon I heard a hoarse cry or despairing shriek of some poor wretches overwhelmed.

The calm moon looked down upon a weird scene of awful devastation. Every building for half a mile was swept away, while the trees, thrown down and interlaced in every conceivable shape, resembled a windfall in the track of a tornado.

The waters subsided rapidly and in half an hour nothing remained but a tiny stream trickling its way through the desolated gulch.

Then the people came down from the mountain-side, and a roll-call showed a loss of fifteen miners, two women, and Crazy Cronk and Diamond Nellie. Collins was the only cool-headed man in the party, and under his leadership the search for the dead took place. One by one the missing ones were found and reverently laid upon the crib, which had withstood the torrent.

I had told Collins how Crazy Cronk had tried to save Diamond Nellie, and he had replied:

"Poor little devil, she was a thoroughbred. It's tough, stranger."

Evidently the identity of Crazy Cronk was not known to him.

Near midnight a shout from a party of searchers half a mile down the gulch proclaimed the fact that Crazy Cronk and Diamond Nellie had been found. We hastened to the spot, and there, half buried in the sand and gravel of the gulch, lay the ill-fated couple, closely locked in each other's arms, calmly, peacefully sleeping the sleep which knows no waking. Collins came running over, and as a lantern was held above them, he started back. I heard through his set teeth, as he drew a sob from his heart:

"Arthur Branscomb. My God! She wanted to go to him and she has."

"We can't get them apart, sir," said a miner, who had been trying to separate them.

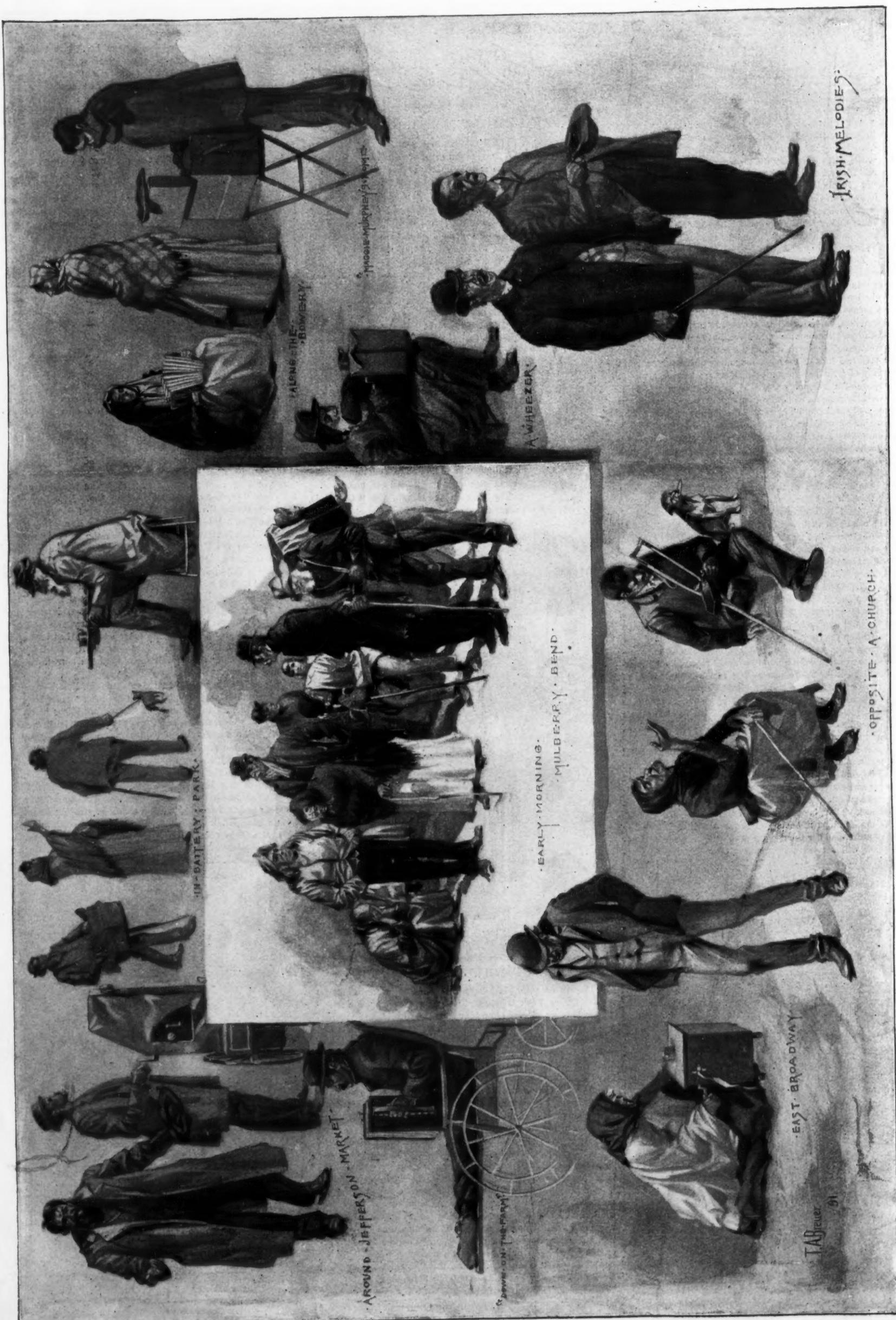
"Let them remain as they are, Leavitt," said Collins. "Bury them in one grave." And then I saw this gambler turn away torn with grief.

The next day they were buried on a little knoll above the gulch. John Collins, as the bodies were lowered in their grave, uncovered his head. Raising his hand he requested silence, and then he told a straightforward story of the lives of the dead. He took from his pocket a pack of cards, selected the ace of hearts and the ace of diamonds, and then threw the cards into the grave.

"It's a small hand," he said, "but, gentlemen, it's a winner. He came for her and she went with him. I shall never touch a card again. May God have mercy on their souls and mine!"

The grave was covered and a post put up to mark it. I have learned that now a modest shaft has been reared above the two





— THE BEGGARS OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. A. BREUER.—[SEE PAGE 169.]



THE HUNTING SEASON—A HUNT BREAKFAST.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.

## CITRUS REX.

JUST at present the orange is king in California. The ceremonies attending the royal inauguration were chiefly held at Marysville, the county seat of Yuba County, one hundred and forty-two miles north of San Francisco, where the second annual State Citrus Fair for northern California has just been held. The occasion receives its "State" dignity because it is held by grace of a legislative appropriation, and it is called the "northern" fair because, while all the citrus fruit-growers of California may exhibit their products, those who can compete for the prizes are confined to the citrus fruit-growers north of the Tehachapi Pass. The fair not only had its value because of the display that was therein made, it also had its value—and in many respects a larger one—in the fact that it was another great object class in the lesson which has been so slowly and curiously unaccepted by the Eastern people—that California's citrus belt is not confined to the southern part of the State.

The fact is that the larger portion of this belt lies north of San Francisco. The belt has an extraordinary longitudinal extent, its range being from Redding, in Shasta County, on the north, situated in the latitude of  $40^{\circ} 30'$ , or nearly that of New York, to San Diego in the south, in latitude  $30^{\circ} 30'$ , or just that of Savannah, Georgia. Here is a stretch of nearly five hundred miles, throughout the whole of which—with an exception to be noted—runs the citrus belt, along every part of which oranges can be grown with almost equal facility and profit. It is the use of the terms north and south, and of northern and southern California, that is the chief factor of a very natural confusion in the minds of those people who are not acquainted with the climatic peculiarities of California.

It is not a question of latitude at all; it is simply one of topography. As every one knows, California has for its eastern boundary the Sierra Nevada Mountains down to about the latitude of Los Angeles, where the great range becomes merged into the Sierra Madre. This latter Sierra, with its many local spurs and peaks, runs off sharply at Mount San Bernardino toward the sea. This trend of the mountains forms the southern boundary of the great central valley of California, through which the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers run respectively northward and southward into the San Francisco Bay. Up north an almost exactly similar configuration is found, with Mount Shasta as the pivot around which the Cascade Mountains throw an encircling arm, the mountain wall around this gigantic oval being completed by the Coast Range, which, as its name implies, runs closely to the shore. Throughout the entire length of this great oval the climate is almost unvarying, i.e., it is almost unvarying up and down the zones or belts which imaginarily encircle it. Whether in the level lands of the valley proper, or in the rolling foot-hills, or in the higher mountain meadows, or along the top-most scarps, the climate is, belt for belt, the same in valley, foot-hill, mountain meadow, or peak, the same north as it is south. It is just as hot in summer at Redding as it is at Porterville, three hundred and fifty miles south; and the frosts of winter are just as liable to visit the one place as the other. So, too, the big meadows of Lassen County and the parks of Mount Whitney are delightful places of summer resort, having precisely the same aerial and climatic loveliness.

Just along and below the eastern foot-hills of the great central valley runs a thermal zone, where the weather is never cold, and where throughout the long summer months it has an almost unvarying warmth, and it is this thermal zone that forms the citrus belt of northern California.

North of San Francisco Bay some five or six valleys lie, like the hollows between one's outstretched fingers, in the recesses of the Coast Range—miniatures of the great central one which I have been describing, and in the two of these which are the farthest from the sea the same climatic conditions obtain, with the accompaniments of thermal belts and orange-groves.

Between Porterville and Los Angeles the Sierra Madre, or San Bernardino Mountains, as they are commonly called, run down to the sea. South of this range of mountains, and extending as far back as the main Sierra, lie two or three horseshoe-shaped valleys with their openings to the sea. In the principal of these Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Colton, and Riverside are nestled; in another lies San Diego, and these, with Indio considered as an exotic, contain the southern citrus belt. Just as there is a climatic community in the case of the northern and southern points of the great central valley, so, strangely enough, there is a similarity of climate between the thermal belt of the great central and the southern valleys.

And so it comes about that there are orange-groves that flourish equally well in Tehama and Colton, and that a man may watch the ripening of his golden fruit in the posy-yards of Oroville and the gardens of San Bernardino. In fact, so curiously has latitude been ignored, the Oroville man may have the pleasure of picking his fruit anywhere from four to six weeks earlier than his friend in the south can, for it has been proved over and over again that in the northern California citrus belt the fruit ripens, and is ready for market, a good month ahead of the southern California crop.

Clement and fructifying, however, as the climate of the northern citrus belt is, and early as its fruit may ripen, orange culture has not attained anything like the commercial importance in northern California that it has in southern California. It is a much older institution below the Tehachapi Pass than it is above, the old padres having planted oranges in the Mission garden of San Gabriel as long ago as 1804, while the first orange-trees in the north were planted at Bidwell's Bar, near Oroville, about thirty years ago. But neither north nor south was orange-culture considered anything more than a luxurious experiment until many years of learning lessons had passed. Practically the first attempt at the production of oranges on a commercial scale was not made until 1855, when William Wolfskill, in the face of the ridicule of all his friends, set out what has since become the famous Wolfskill orchard of Los Angeles. Though Wolfskill's income from his orange-trees grew to princely proportions, his neighbors were very slow to imitate his enterprise, and in 1862 there were less than two hundred and fifty acres of orange-trees in the entire State. Ten years later, however, orange culture took a vigorous start. In 1876 the Agricultural Department at Washington imported some orange-trees from Bahia in Brazil, and a resident of Riverside, who had tempted Providence to the extent of three acres in orange-trees, was given two of the slips.

When the fruit came it seemed to be of a peculiar formation, was of the seedless variety, and of an extraordinary juiciness and flavor. It was the famous Riverside Washington Navel orange.

From that time the spread of orange culture in the South was most rapid until the present acreage in that part of the State may be estimated at 41,945 acres. This estimate includes all the area devoted to the orange, both in bearing and in growing trees. The shipments from this region for the season of 1889-90 were 812,175 boxes.

Turning now to the north we find that five years ago an exhibition of oranges, lemons, citrons, and shaddocks grown in northern California was held in Sacramento. At that time there was not a full acre of commercial citrus orchard in all the region north of the Tehachapi Pass, and the fair at Sacramento was simply an exhibit of fruit picked from trees growing in lawns and in public and private grounds in many counties. The exhibit was so novel that it was taken to San Francisco, where, among the many thousands who visited it, were a few practical men who at once saw the commercial importance of its revelations. That season the planting of commercial orange-orchards began in northern California, notably in Butte, Yuba, and Placer counties, and, on a less scale, in many counties of the northern part of the State over a very wide area. But it was not until December, 1890, that the oranges from the northern orchards were shipped in appreciable quantity to the Eastern markets.

Still, the acreage north is very small as compared with that of the south, estimates made at the close of last year placing it at 6,750 acres. Add hereto, say 1,200 scattered in Alameda, Sonoma, Santa Cruz, and other counties, and the orange acreage in California at the close of 1890 may be set down as 49,895 acres. The shipments from the northern citrus belt for the season of 1889-90 were 12,310 boxes, and from the whole State the shipments therefore were 829,835 boxes.

Planting is going on very extensively this season in the northern citrus belt, reports already giving an addition of 2,800 acres, or a total of 9,550 acres. But, as the figures show, neither the extent nor the yield of the northern groves as yet begin to compare with the extent and yield of the southern orchards. In reading and remembering these figures, however, the reader must distinctly bear in mind also that present crop and available territory are two different things. In geographical extent the available northern citrus belt—that is land on which the orange-tree may be grown to commercial profit—is greater in extent than the southern citrus belt, and it is certainly a fair and honest estimate that in ten years' time the disproportion between the yield of the two sections will have been most materially reduced.

Meanwhile, the Citrus Fair at Marysville may be taken as a very interesting and charming exhibition of what the northern orange-growers can do. As the illustrations show, the exhibitors ran to fanciful designs rather than to masses of fruit. Prominent among these designs were Sutter's Fort, a Holland wind-mill, a Moorish castle, a Chinese pagoda, the San Francisco *Chronicle* building, a train of cars, a church, an Egyptian obelisk, and a court-house. The architects of most of these designs, by the bye, were women, and, despite the ungallantry of the remark, it is a fact that they displayed much more ingenuity and skill in the various constructions than was expected. Oranges, of course, formed the main building material, but many other things were used. The sails of the wind-mill, for instance, were made of peanuts, while the body of the swan floating in a sea of oranges was composed of various dried fruits, the neck and head being of rice. The representation of Sutter's Fort occupied most of the space at the western end of the pavilion and was decidedly clever. It was not only true in design, but was actually guarded by cannon that once did duty at the Switzer's fort, but which at the exhibition were tomponed with oranges and spiked with a sprig of raisins.

The question of over-production is one to which the orange-grower has paid some serious attention, and it certainly should not be slighted in an article of this sort, an article which aims to tell the plain, unbiased and unsectarian truth. The California crop for the season of 1888-89 was 750,000 boxes. Last year it was 829,835 boxes, and this season—that of 1890-91—it will reach 1,200,000 boxes. The Florida crop of 1889-90 was about 2,000,000 boxes. This season it is estimated, I believe, at 2,350,000 boxes, making the total American crop for the present season 3,550,000 boxes. The imports of oranges into the United States in 1888 were 1,458,000 boxes; in 1889, 1,460,000, and in 1890, about 1,500,000 boxes. These figures show that the American crop, increasing as it is, has not yet affected the volume of imports, and that, supposing the imports were cut off, there is a margin of 1,500,000 boxes left from which to supply the present demand at the present prices. These present prices will not, however, continue, thanks to the rapidly increasing acreage in California, nor is there anything in this prospective diminution of prices to alarm the orange-grower, for even with the reduction of sixty per cent. on the present prices, the orchardists will still make "big money." That the demand will surely increase there can be no doubt. The entire mass of oranges, native-grown and imported, counts up to about 70,000,000 so that by the cheerful and convenient law of ratios, each inhabitant at present can only calculate upon ten oranges a year, a restriction of fruit diet which no free-born American citizen could tolerate.

THOMAS J. VIVIAN,  
U. S. Treasury Expert for California.

## LIFE INSURANCE.—KNOTTY QUESTIONS.

I HAVE had a number of inquiries regarding so-called bond associations and bond-certificate companies, pretending to do a sort of life-insurance business. I have warned my readers against all of these new-fangled schemes, and now call their attention to the fact that the State Banking Department of New York, in its efforts to stamp out "numerical bond redemption" schemes, has notified the National Bank Association of New York, in the Kniekerbocker Building, Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and the United States Bond, Loan and Investment Company of 135 Broadway, New York City, that if they did not at once discontinue business, the Attorney-General would be asked to wind them up.

I had an inquiry, some months ago, regarding the Universal Order of Co-operation, of Philadelphia, which issued certificates guaranteeing a return of not more than \$100 on a payment of

\$30 or \$40 in assessments. I told my inquirer that this was a scheme to beware of. My prediction has been verified. The newspapers of Baltimore, of March 20th, reported that 2,500 poor people of that city, mostly sewing-women and working girls, are in distress over the suspension of the Baltimore branch of the Universal Order of Co-operation. It was also reported that the main office in Philadelphia had temporarily suspended, and that the money on deposit for the benefit of the certificate-holders will give them just about two dollars in return for sums of from \$20 to \$50 that had been invested on the promise of prompt redemption of the certificates. It is too bad that the people who have been inveigled into these schemes are mostly of the poorest working class, who have not opportunities for inquiry, and thus fall the ready prey of designing men.

From Little Falls, N. Y., comes an inquiry regarding an insurance order of Europe, known as the Count de Winton Society, coupled with the question as to how long the Iron Hall can last. I never heard of the Count de Winton Company before. According to the Insurance Reports, it does not operate anywhere in the United States. As to the Iron Hall, I have written so much about it, that if my correspondent will look over what I have said he will obtain all the information I can give.

A Fargo, N. Dak., correspondent wants my opinion as to the merits of the following companies: Commercial Alliance of New York; Hartford Life and Annuity of Hartford, Conn., and National Union of Toledo, Ohio.

My last communication I gave facts from the annual report of the Commercial Alliance which were very favorable to that company. As to the Hartford Annuity, it is an old-line concern, transacting business on the assessment plan, which means that it collects as required to pay death charges and accumulates a small safety fund, which it proposes to divide at the end of certain periods among its policy-holders.

This reply will also answer an inquiry from Burlington, Vt., in reference to the same company. The latter correspondent says he does not think (and I do not) that the Hartford Life and Annuity can be compared in standing with such companies as the Equitable. He says that he has carried policies in the Hartford company since 1881, and wants to know if I advise that he drop them. No, I would not. Inasmuch as they have been carried during such a long period, it would be better and cheaper to continue them.

As to the National Union of Toledo, I find no report of its condition in the Insurance Superintendent's Report of this State, and therefore conclude that it is a company of little consequence.

A Philadelphia correspondent says "The Hermit" was mistaken regarding the origin of tontine life insurance. He adds: "The fact that the Equitable society devised and first introduced the tontine feature in life insurance is well known. This feature is admitted to have done more to popularize life insurance and to extend its benefits than any other influence."

A St. Johns, Newfoundland, correspondent wants information in reference to the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association of Chicago, Ill. This is considered a good company of its kind, and I have before referred to its standing. The same correspondent says the Sons of Temperance of Washington, D. C., is very slow in liquidating its claims, and that a member who had made his policy payable to his wife, who died before him, died at St. Johns a year ago, and the amount of his policy has not been liquidated, the company asserting that the death of his wife is the cause of the delay. There is no justice in this excuse for non-payment. I should be inclined to distrust any company that pursued such a course.

The same correspondent wants information in reference to the Canada Life Insurance Company. I class this among the good companies, although I do not think it compares in standing with either of the great New York old-line insurance concerns. I should much prefer to have insurance in any one of these.

From New Haven, a correspondent writes for information in reference to the Fidelity Mutual Life of Philadelphia, and asks: "Is it an old-line or an assessment company? What are its standing and prospects compared with the old-line companies?" A few figures will answer the questions. The income of the company mentioned, which is an assessment company, as reported for 1889, was \$441,000; disbursements, \$365,000, of which only \$177,000 went to its members. The total assets were given as \$289,000. I should prefer insurance in any one of the great old-line companies of this city, like the Mutual Life, the New York Life, the Equitable, or the Home Life. Or, if I wanted assessment insurance, I should prefer it in Mr. Harper's Mutual Reserve of this city, which is larger and better than the Fidelity, in my judgment.

A reader at Willett's Point asks about the standing of the Mutual Reserve Society of Rochester. According to its report for 1889, it took in during that year \$374,000, or not more than a single week's receipts of any of the three great old-line companies of this city. It paid out \$368,000, has cash assets of \$59,000, and \$130,000 in losses due and unpaid. I cannot advise my correspondent to patronize such a company as preferable to others of unquestionable strength.

*The Hermit.*

## THE NEW WARDEN OF SING SING.

POSTMASTER WILLIAM R. BROWN, of Newburg, N. Y., has just been appointed by Superintendent of Prisons Lathrop, to be warden of Sing Sing prison in place of Warden Brush, who, after a successful incumbency of many years, has resigned. Mr. Brown is a prominent and influential Democrat, was born in Newburg in 1841, is a son of Judge John W. Brown, and a brother of Judge C. F. Brown of the New York Court of Appeals. Receiving an academic education, he engaged in business in New York, was subsequently connected with the lumber interests at Toledo, and in 1868 founded the Newburg Plaster Works, the largest of its kind in the world. He for years traveled extensively in this and other countries, and made a tour of the American continent from Sydney, Cape Breton, to San Francisco, and from the Rio Grande in Texas, to Winnipeg, Manitoba. There is hardly a city of any importance in this country that he has not visited, and where he is not personally known. He is clear-headed, keen-witted, cool and courageous, and is highly esteemed by all who know him.

## ARTIFICIAL HEATING OF RAILROAD CARS.

CONSIDERING its importance, the subject of car-heating has received but little notice in public print; and what has been written has been of a denunciatory rather than of an argumentative nature, and of a narrow range, declaiming in favor of the latter named twin evils of heating: Stoves—Steam.

The series of fatal accidents following that on the Central Vermont Railroad at White River Junction, February 5th, 1887, gave opportunity to inventors; and contrivances in the line of car-heating were numerous. The majority naturally turned to steam from the locomotive as the only alternative for the "deadly car stove." Many devices and experiments have been made, legislation has been invoked to compel their adoption, and a few railroads have suffered in expense to themselves and discomfort to their passengers in trying steam heating, the results having been anything but encouraging either to the new adventurers in this field, or to the traveling public.

The history of car-heating is a short one. The primitive heater was a "box stove," one in each end of the car at the left hand of the entrance. Wood was used, and the large piles required usurped the space at the end window of the car. Then the sheet iron, upright stove took the place of the horizontal cast-iron box, and coal was substituted for wood fuel. In the use of both kinds of stoves the four settings in each end of the car were sacrificed. The heat was concentrated near the stove—the place where the passengers strive to get in cold weather. The stove had to be red hot to radiate even a short distance toward the centre of the car. In some instances a huge stove was placed midway of the car, at one side, in place of the two stoves, as well as in the place of three full seats. A plausible argument in favor of this location on the score of safety was that the

water and the temperature of the radiating pipes to any desired extent.

The Baker Heater thus removed one fire and one eminent source of conflagration. Its fire was also a small and a *deadly* one, in contrast with stoves, which must be in the opposite condition, and it paid for itself and its maintenance in the saving of passenger room, as well as of fuel.

Still this, the original Baker Car-Heater, was not proof against smashing and spilling the fire in a collision. The inclosure for the fire was of ordinary material. It lacked only the fire-proof quality to make it complete. This Mr. Baker accomplished about three years ago, and over five hundred of his fire-proof heaters are now in use in the cars of the most prominent railroad officials and on the best equipped roads. Mr. Baker's principle as to safety from fire is simply that of the best safe-makers—the entire inclosure of the fire being of heavy, flexible steel and without a joint—precisely the same preventions to keep the fire from getting *out* as the safe manufacturer has for preventing the fire and burglars from getting *in*.

In the severest railroad collision, like, for instance, the recent disaster in the Fourth Avenue tunnel, no break of the heater could occur, nor could fire get out through the minute perforations provided for draft, and for the escape of smoke. In the most serious collisions, the casings of flexible steel holding the fire may be bent, and twisted into any shape, but they cannot break, because of their perfectly flexible and ductile nature. This is proven before construction by samples of each sheet being subjected to hammering tests by powerful steam hammers, doubled over and over when cold, and hammered flat.

To the superficial view, the steam already on the train, in the locomotive boiler, naturally should also be employed to heat the cars. But the difficulties attending the use of steam for heating as well as for hauling the train are *insurmountable*, and known to be so

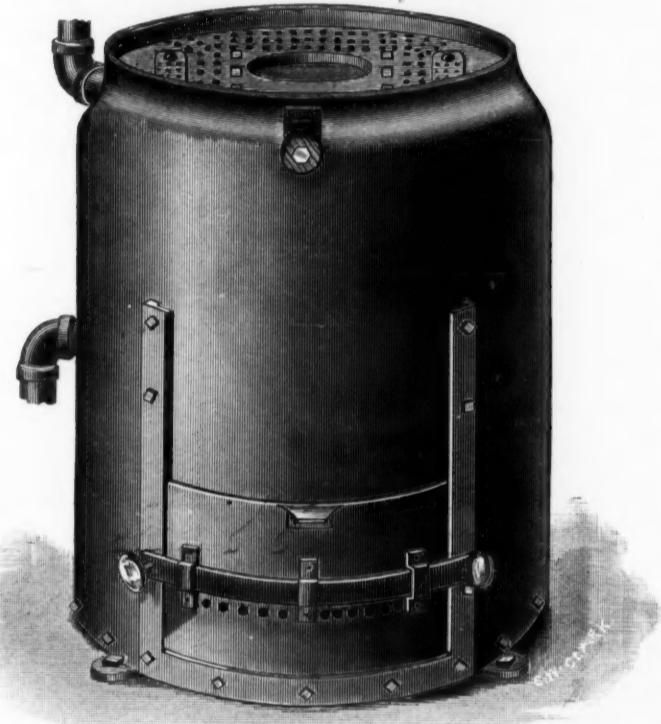
by every practical railroader versed on the subject. Locomotives are made to haul the train, not to heat it.

Locomotive builders have already found difficulties in making the boilers and engines of sufficient power to draw the rapidly increasing size of the cars, and their increased number in the train. Unfortunately in the very conditions of winter weather, and when the heaviest draught is on the locomotive for steam to draw the train, is the time the cars demand the most steam to heat them.

More serious still is the *bare possibility*, not to say the most likely *probability*, of the steam from the locomotive boiler *failing entirely*; also the frequent occurrence of a car, or of an entire train, being stopped, or "sidetracked," by reason of a cracked or broken wheel, or some other mishap—though natural, yet unlooked for. The absence of steam from the heating-pipes of the car, even for an hour, in severe winter weather, especially on the broad prairies of the West, would cause discomfort, and probably death, to scores of passengers.

Steam heat of itself, and under the most favorable circumstances, is a menace to life—first, in its unvarying excessively high temperature—always too hot when steam is in the heating pipes, as the temperature, of course, can never be less than 212 degrees—the lowest point at which steam exists—while with hot water as the heating medium, the pipes may be heated evenly all around at a temperature a little above the blood, producing the gentle warmth so comfortable in the mild days of spring and fall.

With steam the car must be either *cold* or *hot*. Passengers usually prefer to forego any artificial warmth, and perhaps incur a violent or fatal cold in consequence, rather than endure the excessive heat and the attendant "burnt smell" unavoidable in the use of steam for heating. The "hose," "couplings," "expansion traps," "cock," and other arrangements constitute a paraphernalia of dangerous elements too numerous to be mentioned here.



THE BAKER CAR-HEATER.—THE SAFE THAT HOLDS THE FIRE, SHOWN WITHOUT SMOKE-PIPE AND ATTACHMENTS.

centre of the car was "the neutral point of concussion in a collision."

In order to convey the heated air from the stove to the opposite end of the car, a hot-air duct was run along the truss plank, or base of the side of the car. In this duct was a register for the hot air to blow out of at every third seat, so if the momentum of the car and the wind were favorable, and the wire screen or air-catcher on the car roof was not closed by freezing, or by the accumulation of sparks from the locomotive, out-door air would enter and be blown down and around the base of the stoves and through the hot-air duct spoken of.

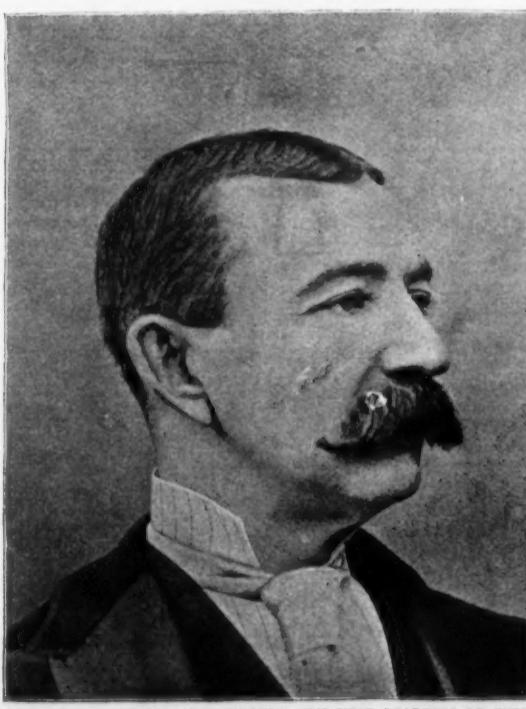
When sleeping-cars were inaugurated, the room taken by the heaters was wanted for berths. Then the heater, in the shape of a hot-air furnace, was suspended under the car—but snow-drifts put out the fire, and they were difficult to tend.

Adverse air currents also prevented the heated air from traversing the car where it was wanted.

In the year 1868 Mr. W. C. Baker, of this city, entered the field with what is popularly known as "The Baker Car-Heater." This was a direct invasion upon all previous devices, and soon superseded them. Hot water in pipes was circulated around the entire interior of the car, and into every nook and corner where heat was wanted; and this in spite of wind, weather, or the motion of the car, neither of which had any influence upon it.

This heater consisted simply of a continuous, endless, extra strong, wrought-iron pipe, one and one-quarter inches inside diameter, about one-twentieth of the length of which was the generator coil, placed directly within the fire. This insured the positive presence of heat at all times, and just where it was required. It especially held an evenly radiated warmth at the floor of the car, while ventilators might be opened for the admission of fresh air in the region of the heads of the passengers, reversing the old order of "heads hot, feet cold."

The water of the heater was saturated with salt to prevent freezing when the fire was out; also to render the heat more enduring. All the joints being perfectly tight, the water filled, to the exclusion of all air, up into an iron reservoir on the car roof, the upper half being air, allowing room for the heat-expanded water. Under these conditions the water of the heater was of perpetual endurance. No matter how slight the fire, there was always some heat evenly distributed all around the car; and in extremely cold weather a little urging increased the heat of the



NEW YORK.—WILLIAM R. BROWN, THE NEW WARDEN OF SING SING PRISON.

## WALL STREET.—CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

THE first of April has come and gone, and money is fairly easy, even for time loans.

The bulls are just as confident as they have been of brighter prospects, and the bears are a little more discouraged than they were three months ago.

A Memphis, Tenn., correspondent writes to "Jasper" as follows:

"If not too much trouble, will you kindly give me your opinion as to the solidity and standing of the People's Building and Loan Association of Minneapolis? They wish me to represent them here, and I would rather be more fully satisfied as to the soundness of the concern and their ability to do as they say."

I reply that this concern offers stockholders shares at the rate of fifty-eight cents per month on the promise that at the end of seven years each share will yield \$100. On general principles I do not believe in such a company. If it were able to prove that it could do what it claims there would be not the slightest difficulty in getting all the money it wants. Wall Street offers no better profit than this as an investment. I need not say that the wealthy men of Wall Street, who are satisfied with four or five per cent. securities, are not rushing to buy the stock of the People's Building and Loan Association of Minneapolis.

My Memphis correspondent also asks in reference to insurance matters. These inquiries I have turned over to "The Hermit," who is in charge of the insurance department of this paper.

"MILWAUKEE, March 26th, 1891.  
DEAR JASPER:—What do you think of North American? It seems to me that the advance in the Northern Pacifics ought to have had, by this time, a more decided effect on the stock. Don't you think so? It seems to me that the stock ought to go to 25 with an advance in the rest of the market. Any information you can give me in your column will be gratefully received.

"TICKER" seems to imagine that the North American Company holds some Northern Pacific stock in its treasury. I think he is mistaken in this, though it is difficult to say what sort of stocks and of what values are in the treasury of the company. If the market takes a rise North American is quite certain to advance with it, and it will not take very much of a rise to put it up to 25, as some active men on the Street seem to be exceedingly anxious to boom it. It is pure speculation, however, as I see it, and in the power of a few men to manipulate about as they see fit on a rising market. As an investment I would not touch it.

"SAG HARBOR, N. Y., March 26th, 1891.  
DEAR JASPER:—Do you consider the common stock of the H. B. Claffin Company a good investment at 107? And do you think it is likely to increase in value?

The common stock of the Claffin Company is considered one of the best of the industrial securities offered to the public, and I am inclined to believe it to be a fair investment at the price mentioned. It will increase in value if the market rises, and stands a better chance of increasing in a sluggish market than a non-dividend or non-productive property. The Claffin concern has been well managed for many years, and unless unforeseen circumstances should occur I see no reasons why the common stock should not continue to be profitable. Of course it is not a gilt-edged security, like the first lien on a Vanderbilt road. If it were, it would not sell at any such price. Industrial stocks are coming to the front more and more, and as they are sought by investors there will be an appreciation in values. That I can safely predict.

"CORTLAND, N. Y., March 24th, 1891.  
DEAR JASPER:—A good many readers of your articles in FRANK LESLIE'S are not posted in the technical terms of Wall Street. I am one of them. Consequently I don't get the full sense of what you mean by saying, in the issue of March 21st, that 'there must be liquidation in the grangars before the bears will be satisfied,' and that 'the pressure on them will be continued till Mr. Gould brings them into line, and perhaps takes them into camp.' Do you mean that the roads must pass into the hands of receivers or into the control of Mr. Gould? And in either of these events would the stockholders as well as the roads be 'liquidated,' taking that word as a gentle way of saying 'wiped out'?

"GRANGER." "LIQUIDATION," in its general acceptance on Wall Street, does not mean that a stock is to be "wiped out." It signifies, rather, that accounts in the stock are being liquidated, or settled. If, for instance, a stock had been largely oversold, and bears were short of it, they would be compelled to settle their accounts by reason of the rise that would follow in that particular security. When the bears had purchased enough to straighten out their accounts and relieve themselves from embarrassment, the "liquidation" in that stock would be said to be finished. No, Mr. Granger, liquidation on Wall Street does not mean "wiped out" nor "cleaned out." It rather means a peaceful settlement or squaring of conditions.

A Livermore Falls, Me., correspondent says: "What do you think of the advisability of purchasing Laclede Gas stock of St. Louis at 16 or thereabouts? What do you consider the best purchase in railroad stocks at present?"

I answer: A vigorous but thus far very unsuccessful effort has been made within the past four weeks to boom Laclede Gas. The disposition just now to boom industrial securities may help Laclede Gas, but on its merits it does not deserve a boom. I do not see how there is a possibility of earning dividends on the common stock. I would much prefer the preferred Chicago Gas.

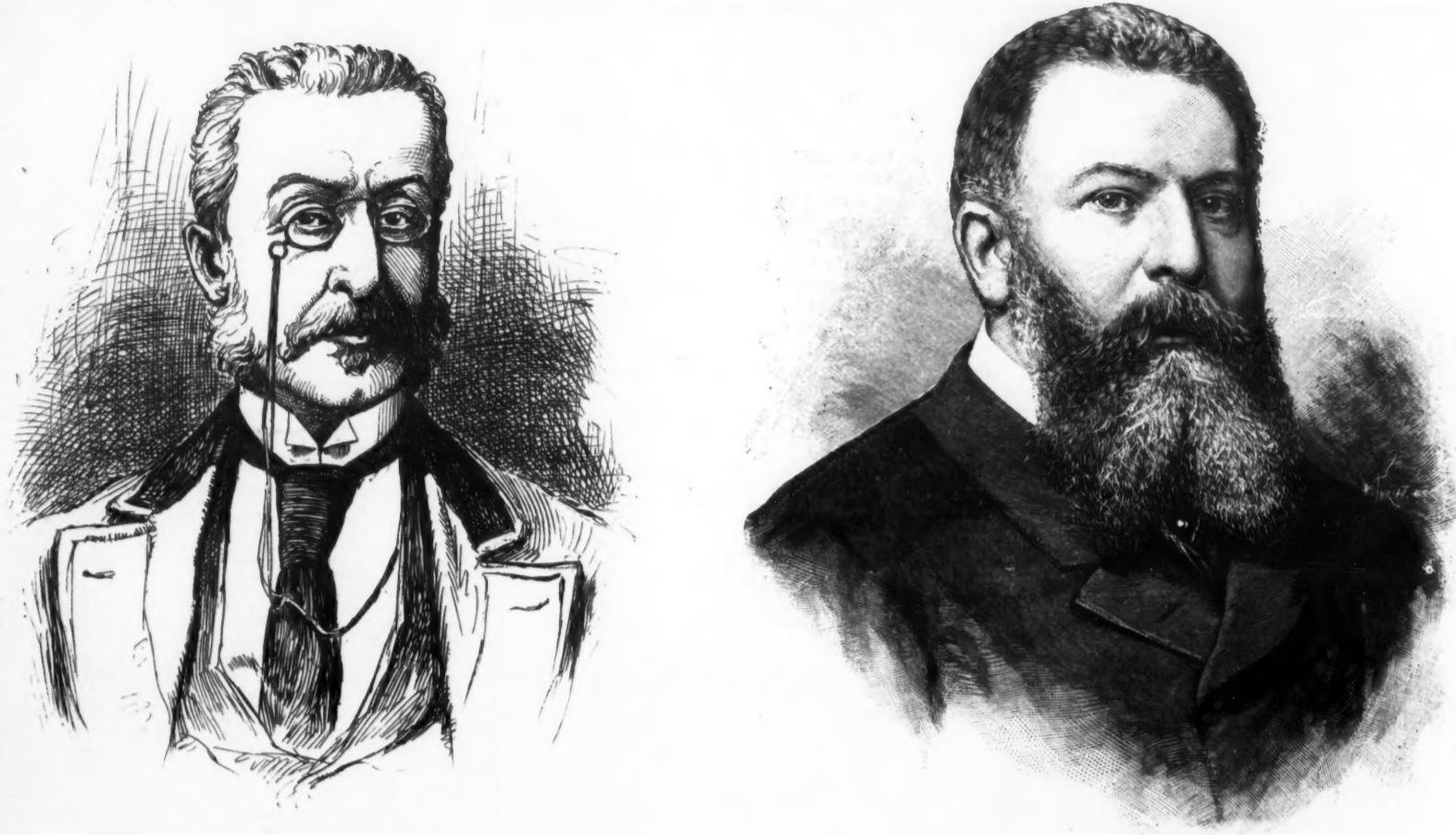
As to a good stock to buy, if my correspondent wants to speculate, and will have patience to hold what he buys, I think Terre Haute common around 30 will pay him well. Almost any low-priced speculatives will move with rapidity if the market advances. My advice, however, is to purchase something that pays dividends, which will yield an interest on the investment, and will be bound to participate in any rise that the market enjoys.

The traffic agreement between the New York Central and the Canadian Pacific, by which the latter is enabled to secure an entrance to New York, signifies a great deal more than appears on the surface. It will be of direct advantage to the New York Central, but of infinitely more advantage to the Canadian Pacific, and of great disadvantage to some of the Central's competitors, particularly in the far West.

Nearly a year ago I declared that the Sugar Trust would make a "deal" with Claus Spreckels, the San Francisco sugar king. Spreckels, it will be remembered, built his enormous refinery at Philadelphia, and declared that he meant to fight the Trust to the bitter end. I predicted that this was all buncombe, and that time would show that when Spreckels got his price he would join the Sugar Trust crowd. A San Francisco dispatch says that Spreckels has agreed to divide the territory with the Trust, he to take the section of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, and the rest to go to the Sugar Trust. The opportunity for building new sugar refineries will still be an inducement to capital, and the Sugar Trust must not believe it has a clear field.

Strangely enough, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy stock showed a rise on the very day that its February statement was announced, which revealed a decrease in earnings of over \$351,000, and a net deficit, after deducting operating expenses and a twelfth of the annual charges, of nearly \$185,000 against a surplus in February, 1890, of \$15,000.

*Jasper*



BARON SAVERIO FAVA,  
THE ITALIAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON, RECENTLY RECALLED.

THE MARQUIS A. DI RUDINI,  
THE ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER.

ITALY IN AN ANGRY MOOD.

A PROFOUND sensation was occasioned, last week, by the announcement that Baron Fava, the Italian Minister at Washington, had sundered his official relations with this Government. In his notification to Secretary Blaine he said that "the United States Government not having given assurances" that the New Orleans lynchers would be brought to justice, the Italian Government "has found itself under the very painful necessity of showing openly its dissatisfaction by recalling the Minister of his Majesty from a country where the Italian representative is unable to obtain justice." The baron will soon sail for home, leaving the Secretary of Legation in charge of current affairs.

It is understood that Baron Fava, who has been on diplomatic duty in Washington for the last ten years, had within a few

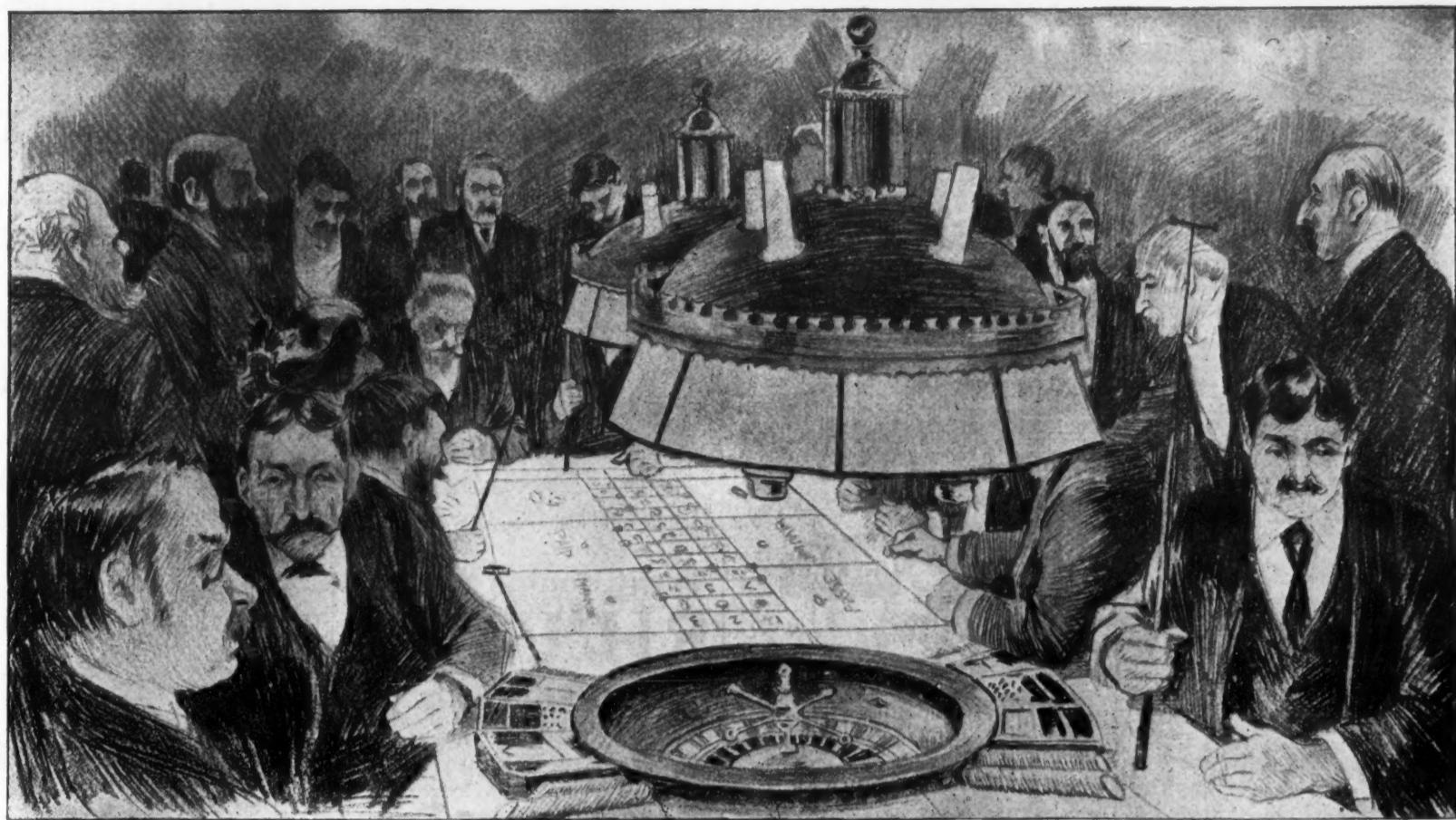
days expressed entire satisfaction with the course of the negotiations for the indemnification of the Italians killed in New Orleans. He appreciated fully the difficulties in the way of action on the part of the National Government, and tried to represent these difficulties in a true light to the home Government. But it is thought that in the recent change in the Italian Cabinet a more decided "jingo" policy was determined upon, for the sake of popular favor at home, and that the overruling of the baron's policy and his recall from his post here were designed as attractive features of the new foreign policy. It is certainly difficult to conceive of any other reasonable explanation of the extraordinary course of the Italian Government.

The dominant Italian sentiment in New York does not appear to be in sympathy with the aggressive policy of Marquis di Rudini, the new Italian Prime Minister, and his Government. It is generally felt that he has been inexcusably precipitate. The

negotiations over the "deplorable massacre" at New Orleans are still incomplete. The Grand Jury has not finished its inquest; the State Department has not been officially informed of the details of what is admitted to be an outrage. The liability and the relative responsibility of the local authorities have not been made clear. It is not even formally determined, as a fact of international knowledge, that any one of the men killed by a mob in the New Orleans parish prison was an Italian subject. Aside from the colorless and unpromising tone of the letter written by Governor Nicholls of Louisiana, in reply to Secretary Blaine's demand for a thorough investigation of the case, it is not even officially certain, however strong may be the presumption, that the leaders of the mob which usurped the functions of the courts may not yet be punished. With matters pending in this altogether unsettled state, the recall of the Italian Minister naturally excites surprise.



THE CHILDREN SCAVENGERS.—A STREET SCENE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.



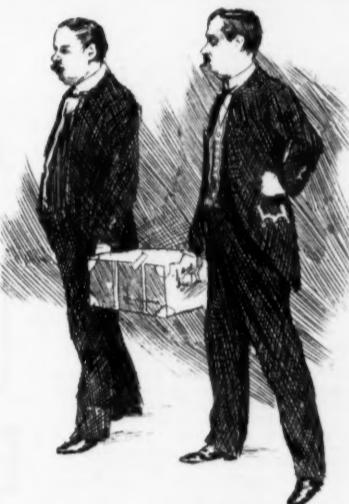
The tables at night.



Sealing up the money for the night.



A fair bettor.



Bringing in the money.



The Casino from the Café de Paris.



A hesitating player.



Lighting-up time—bringing in the lamp.



The Casino from a by-path.

ANGOSTURA Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion. Sold by druggists.

MR. LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker and Commission Broker, says operations have been light latterly. Prices are firmer, and the idea gains that we shall soon see a higher market. Still advise caution and quick turns.

Coughs.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Bronchial Affections. 25 cents a box.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK AND FLORIDA SPECIAL.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that the New York and Florida Special, leaving New York at 9:30 A.M., Philadelphia 11:30 A.M., for Jacksonville and St. Augustine, will continue to run daily, except Sundays, until and including April 2d. Beginning on April 3d it will run tri-weekly—Mondays Wednesdays, and Fridays, until April 20th.

ONE of the enterprising concerns of the prosperous city of Sherman, Texas, is the A. C. Simmons, Jr., Medicine Co., of Sherman, Texas, and New York. Their special lines are Simmons' Liver Purifier, Simmons' Tasteful Chill Cure, Azi-Peptic, the Boss Pill, and the Sanitorio Lotion. Their motto in medicine is "Purity" and the greatest care is exercised in making all their preparations. They believe that *merit wins*, and offer their goods upon this foundation, with a solid guarantee that they are perfectly pure, effective, harmless, and reliable. Their testimonials include those from three States, among which is one from Superintendent W. A. Kendall, of the State Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Austin, Texas.

A GREAT SPRING TOUR TO FLORIDA,  
VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

By reason of the enormous popularity accorded the Pennsylvania Railroad's personally-conducted tours to Florida during the winter and spring of 1891 the company has decided to run the sixth and last on March 31st. It will differ in many points from the others. Going south the tourists will travel in a special train of Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars similar in every respect to the trains used on previous excursions. The excursion tickets, which will be sold at a rate of \$50 from New York and \$48 from Philadelphia, will include Pullman accommodations and meals *en route* on the south-bound trip, and railroad transportation only on the north-bound trip. They will be valid for return trip on regular trains up to May 30th, 1891. Fifteen days from the date they leave Jacksonville will be allowed tourists to reach Philadelphia or New York, and during those fifteen days they can stop off at points designated on the tickets.

A Tourist Agent and Chaperon will accompany the party South.

The unusual limit of the tickets and privileges accorded will afford an excellent opportunity of a lengthy visit in the South.

TRAVEL MADE PERFECT.

On your next trip West patronize the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and enjoy the advantages of departing from Grand Central Station, traveling over a great four-track railway, along the Hudson—America's most picturesque and beautiful river—via Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract, or along the south shore of Lake Erie, in new Wagner vestibule trains, with unsurpassed service and equipment.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,  
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures  
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with  
Hypophosphites  
Of Lime and Soda.

There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much skinned milk which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot so disguise their cod liver oil as to make it palatable to sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of

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SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS and  
CHRONIC COUGH or SEVERE COLD.  
All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get  
the genuine, as there are poor imitations.

Do your bond, stock, and  
banking business with



BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, BLOTHY, OILY SKIN, RED, ROUGH HANDS, WITH CHAPS, PAINFUL FINGER ENDS AND SHAPLESS NAILS, AND SIMPLE BABY HUMORS PREVENTED AND CURED BY CUTICURA SOAP. A MARVELOUS BEAUTIFIER OF WORLD-WIDE CELEBRITY, IT IS SIMPLY INCOMPARABLE AS A SKIN PURIFYING SOAP, UN-EQUALLED FOR THE TOILET, AND WITHOUT A RIVAL FOR THE NURSERY. ABSOLUTELY PURE, DELICATELY MEDICATED, EXQUISITELY PERFUMED, CUTICURA SOAP PRODUCES THE WHIEST, CLEAR-EST SKIN, AND SOFTEST HANDS, AND PREVENTS INFLAMMATION AND CLOGGING OF THE PORES, THE CANSE OF PIMPLES, BLACK-HEADS, AND MOST COMPLEXIONAL DISFIGURATIONS, WHILE IT ADMITS OF NO COMPARISON WITH THE BEST OF OTHER SKIN SOAPS, AND RIVALS IN DELICACY THE MOST NOTED AND EXPENSIVE OF TOILET AND NURSERY SOAPS. SALE GREATER THAN THE COMBINED SALES OF ALL OTHER SKIN SOAPS.

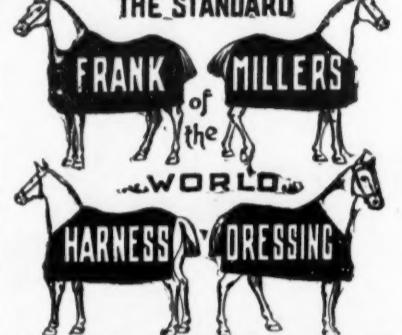
SEND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. PRICE 25c.

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ACHING SIDES AND BACK, WEAK KIDNEYS, AND RHEUMATISM RELIEVED IN ONE MINUTE BY THE CELEBRATED CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

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Delicious.

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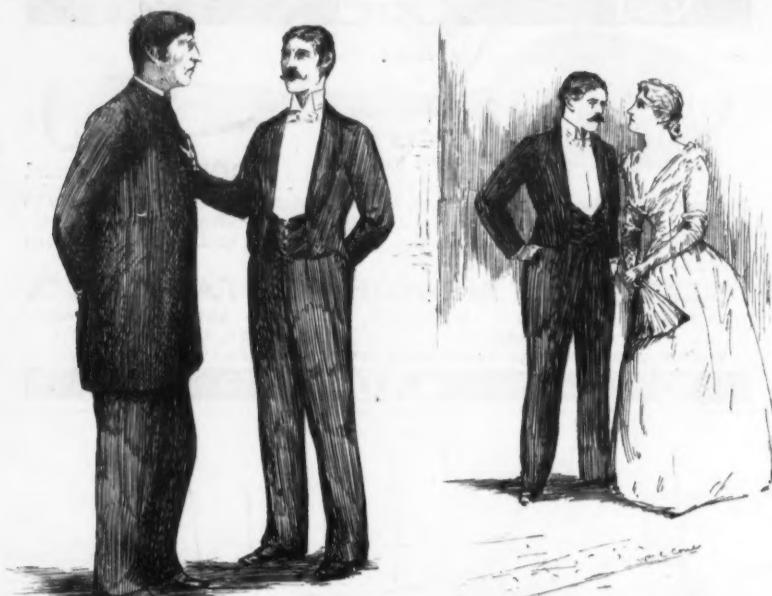
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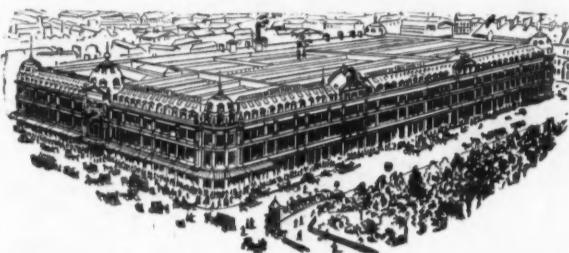
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